Supernatural, author’s choice, “I’ll be home come hell or high water, and I know I will see you soon” (William Elliot Whitmore)

G, Raphael-centric musings. Someday I will write him, and write him well for a longer story.

Raphael finds no joy in Heaven, not in these days. He finds no joy in the music and brilliant light, nor in the familiar presence of his brothers and sisters, nor in the rhythms of healing the new streams of injured angels.

He feels relief when he feels Lucifer break free, for it means that Heaven has failed, and that there *will* be an end.

He abandons his duties, to descend to Earth, for he knows that he will be needed for something, anything to hasten the end to Michael's victory, or even Lucifer's victory.

For he has lost his joy at being alive, and he cannot go on, not like this.